

The Vinton Record.

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ADVERTISING TERMS.	
One square, ten lines	\$1 00
Each additional insertion	40
Cards, per year, ten lines	8 00
Notices of Executors, Administrators and Guardians	2 00
Attachment notices before judgment	2 00
Local notices, per line	10

Yearly advertisements will be charged \$60 per column, and at proportionate rates for less than a column. Payable in advance.

RULES OF ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN AT PARTIES.

Act very bravely.
Stare round amazingly.
Stare in stuck-upishly.
Bow very pupishly.
First to the lady who
Sent round the card to you;
Then you may condescend
Three or four words to spend,
On some notoriety.
Who glides the society;
Or whisper quite killingly.
To some belle who willingly
Passes time flirtingly.
Laughing—oh, certainly!
Whispering blushingly.
Checking you hushingly.
Whispering till ringlets fall
Over your neck and all,
Until distressingly
Thrilling, caressingly,
Off in a waltz you go,
Spinning, half-crazy, oh!
This is propriety,
Out in society.

A WIDOW FOR ME.

Let youth sing the praises of blushes,
And thrill with rapturous bliss
That rises unbidden and flushes
The brain at the thought of a kiss.
It is all very well to be laden
With passionate joy when you see
The innocent blush of a maiden,
But the glance of a widow for me.

Not a fig would I give for the rapture
That swells in the breast of a boy,
When Cupid has helped him to capture
A boarding-school casket of joy.
I don't care for bloom and finenesses,
But Paradise comes when I see
A widow in weeds and soft tresses,
Oh! that is a charm for me.

Then let youth sing the praises of beauty,
And kneel before maidenhood's shrine,
To ringlets and blushes pay duty,
And dream that such things are divine.
But give me the flush that entrances,
The heart that was bound and is free,
The eye with a soul in its glances—
Oh! a gentle young widow for me.

[From the Sat. Eve. Post.]

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

[In a recent visit to Washington a friend of mine related to me an experience of her own, which struck me as being so amusing that I have thought it worth recording. I will give it as nearly as possible in her own words, though I cannot reproduce her light laughter and her pretty sparkling manner, nor give any idea of how very pretty Lulu Vaughn looked as she told it.]

The funniest adventure I ever had in my life occurred during my last winter here, and as you have asked me to give you some idea of my history since we parted, I can scarcely fail to do it better than by telling you all about my flirtation with the Man Without a Name.

You know what a perpetual round of new faces Washington society is, how we never meet the same set twice in the season, but how night after night one sees a bewildering host of strangers, and is introduced to a fresh crowd, half of whom you never see again, and the other half you don't know if you do.

Well, one night soon after we arrived at Willard's, I was at a Reception at Senator Castlemaine's. They had a beautiful house, and their large parlors were crowded to overflowing. I had already some gentlemen acquaintances, and was talking to two or three, when suddenly up came my cousin, Dick Ferguson—I don't think you ever saw Dick, but he is a splendid fellow, and was determined, he told me before I came to the party, to introduce crowds of people to me, as it would be his last chance, for he was going to start for California the next morning. I perceived now that he was dragging forward a tall and handsome man, and comprehended my fate.

"Such a nice fellow, Lulu," he whispered, and then aloud, "My cousin Miss Vaughn, Mr. —."

I did not catch the name in the least, but I did not think of that at the time, as I did not know the names of but one of the three men already near me. Two of these now moved away and my new acquaintance occupied a position at my side. He was very bright and pleasant; we were soon talking together on the footing of old acquaintance, and when we parted I promised to go to supper with him.

and he staggered directly up to me.

"Miss Lulu," he said, in a hurried thick voice, "Miss Lulu, you ought not to go with anybody but me; it's too bad, upon my soul it's too bad!"

I was very angry, and said coldly, "Will you allow me to pass, Mr. Foster?" for he stood directly before me.

My companion had been watching me earnestly I knew, and perceiving now by my manner that I did not approve of the fellow's proceedings, he tried to pass on, pressing my arm closer and endeavoring to go around Foster, but he threw himself in our way again.

"It's too bad I say!" he repeated, thickly; "it's too bad to snub a fellow so! You know how I love you; I've told you so again and again—and once you seemed to like me, but that was only a flirtation I suppose, Miss Lulu, you're such a flirt—but I do love you!" and he leered at me tipsily.

I glanced about in despair during this tirade; there was no one to be seen whom I knew at all.

"Oh, Mr. —" (I supplied the name with an inarticulate murmur) please get me away from this!" I cried, appealing to my companion.

"Certainly Miss Vaughn," he replied, promptly; then to Foster—"Now, sir, you must let this young lady and myself pass you."

"Oh, but you ain't going to take her away from me—it's too bad," he moaned.

"Yes, sir, as she wishes it, I certainly shall—forgive me for any seeming rudeness," and with a sudden turn of his disengaged hand he sent my tormentor out of the way and up against the wall as if he had been a child.

"Now, Miss Vaughn, I will find you a seat."

We passed into the supper-room, leaving Foster still moaning that it was "too bad!" I sank down on a sofa overcome with mortification and embarrassment. Presently my escort came back to me armed with some eatables, and seated himself beside me.

"Oh, dear," I said, "I fear you will have a horrible idea of me after what you have just seen."

He looked at me with his fine dark eyes full of a sort of amused admiration.

"Oh, no!" he said, "I heard you were a flirt before I met you, and I suppose this is one of your victims, but I dare say you are somewhat excusable; it must be nearly impossible for any one as handsome as you are to keep from flirting."

Then I began to profess that I never flirted, and really at the time felt as if I never would again; while his earnest eyes were on me, they seemed somehow so to awaken all my better feelings and make me ashamed of any unworthy frivolity. I felt more anxious than I had ever been before to impress this stranger favorably, and was doing my utmost to captivate him, when up rushed Dick.

"Well, Lulu, I'm off!"

"What, so soon?"

"Yes, got lots of packing to do to-night, and you know I start at six to-morrow morning. Good-bye Walter, to my escort. Good-bye Lulu dear, don't flirt too much."

The good fellow squeezed my hand so that he almost crushed it and made it fairly ache, and then hurried away off through the crowd. I had now learned my companion's first name, and by that for a long time I designated him in my own mind.

Dick gone, Walter and I resumed our interrupted conversation, which lasted until the friends with whom I came summoned me to go home.

"And you must go, Miss Vaughn," he said at parting.

"It seems so."

"Then I shall see you at the Secretary's to-morrow night."

"Yes."

I went up to bid good-evening, and then took advantage of a disengaged moment to say to Mrs. Castlemaine—

"Do you know who that gentleman is over by the piano, the tall one with dark hair?"

"No I don't. Do you, Senator?"

"No," replied her husband. "I don't remember his name. I think he is some stranger."

This was not very lucid, but it was, all I could learn. When I went home I assure you I thought a good deal of Walter, as I called him, and remembering his prompt politeness when Foster was so rude,

his fine eyes and his brilliant conversation, looked forward with much pleasure to seeing him again. He was at the Secretary's and quite devoted to me. By this time I was ashamed to ask him his name, and no one of whom I ventured to inquire knew it at all. This evening mamma was with me. I saw her looking hard at me when I was dancing with Walter, and I knew that presently I must introduce him to her. So I took him up and boldly mumbled something when I came to his name, covering my omissions by saying instantly "A great friend of Dick's."

This was all very well for the time, but the next evening when Walter came to Willard's and joined me in my promenade in the hall the affair began to grow serious.—I was very glad to see him, but I knew I should have to make some explanation of him to papa after he was gone. We walked up and down together a long time. Every moment I liked him better, and yet every moment it grew more absurd to tell him that I did not know his name. I gathered from what he said that he lived in New York, and that he was well established in business, but he appeared to take it for granted that Dick had told me all about him. He left me at last on the arrival of two gentlemen who came especially to call upon me. One of these was a great society man and knew everybody; as he bowed to Walter, and indeed greeted him very politely, I was delighted with the thought that at last I should find out all about him.

Mr. White, who is that gentleman?" I asked as soon as Walter was out of hearing.

"Which one?" asked he. While staring about for some new face.

"The one you just shook hands with; the one I was talking to when you came."

"He! oh, that is Mr. —" he repeated, musingly. "I can't remember his name, it's a very odd one. He is from New York, but I thought he was an old friend of yours, he has been so devoted to you lately."

I laughed and blushed.

"Oh, no! but I really should like to know his name."

"It's droll I can't remember it," said White, but perhaps it will come to me.

However it did not come to him, and he left me in the same hopeless ignorance. As soon as my visitors disappeared papa joined me.

"Lulu, who is that man who was with you so long early this evening?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I mean the handsome fellow you walked with," exclaimed my father.

"Yes, I know which one you mean, but I don't know his name."

"Why, Lulu! What are you talking about?"

The truth, papa, he is a great friend of Dick's, he introduced him to me. And then I went on to explain all I could about it.

Again for two nights at two of the great balls of the season Walter was devoted to me; then one morning he met me on the Avenue, and walked home with me. And by this time he had been with me so much that I was ashamed to ask any one what his name was. I liked him very much, and I thought he admired me, only it was very odd I could not find out any name but Walter. Once I thought I had it. I met him out at a reception, and he said to me,

"Did you get my card this morning?"

"No," I replied eagerly; when did you call?"

"About three."

"I was out then. Was my name written on it?"

"No; I had no pencil."

Here was a clue! When I reached home that night I began a search through the card basket.—Mother wondered why I stayed out of bed tired as I was; but I thought I should find a key to the mystery at last, but no, the names were all well known, the card must have been lost, and I went to bed as much in the dark as ever, though now deeply interested in the man without a name.

Walter's visits were mostly paid by his "jouncing" in at Willard's while I was in the parlor, so that he had no occasion to send another card for some time. Once I came very near finding out. Young Creel arrived from New York.

You know he knows every one, and I saw him talking earnestly with Walter. Soon after he came to

speak to me. You remember how dreadfully he lisps. Well, he drew out how glad he was 'to' thee me, and so on, and then as soon as I could, I asked him:

"Mr. Creel, who is that gentleman you were just talking with?"

"Which one, the thall man or the th'out one?"

"Neither; that tall one, talking to the large woman in red."

"That? Oh, that ith Mithter Cothwoth, of the firm of Cothwoth, and then. You ought to know him his father ith vewy wick."

"Oh, thank you, I do know him; but what did you say the name was?"

"Cothwoth. Ah, Mith Thmith, how de do? and Creel went off to talk with Angelique Smith.

I was as much in the dark as ever. Cothwoth, he called it; that would be Coswos, perhaps, as he lisped so dreadfully, or even Cosross, for Creel was apt to confuse the sounds of r and w. Evidently I could not call him by any of these names. I could only console myself by the reflection that I had at least something satisfactory to tell mama, who was beginning to be very inquisitive about my admirer.

I suppose it was my habit of now always calling him Walter to myself that led to the final catastrophe and the solution of the mystery.—One afternoon I was walking down a cross street, when Walter joined me. We went on together chatting pleasantly, when all of a sudden there was a rush and a clatter, and a runaway horse came plunging and tearing down the street; he was on the sidewalk, and seemed to be coming directly towards us. I was terribly frightened, as you may imagine, and clung to my companion's arm.

"Oh, Walter! Walter! I cried, we shall be killed!"

"No, no, Lulu, my darling!" and suddenly seizing me in his arms, he sprang with me up the steps of the house near which we were. There was a deep porch, and there he put me down, though still keeping his arm around me.

The horse had swept by a second after we reached the shelter, but Walter held me close, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"Lulu, dearest, do you love me?" he said.

"Oh, Mr. —" I began, then I faltered and stammered, "I ought not to have called you Walter."

"Yes you ought, that and nothing else, Lulu, I love you dearest!—Tell me, can I hope you love me a little?"

I blushed desperately and half whispered, "Yes, I do;" and then, when I thought he would kiss me then and there, I hurried on, "but I have another reason for calling you Walter. I don't know what your other name is."

He stared at me. "Are you teasing me, Lulu?"

"No, indeed. I do like you very much; you know I do Walter."

"My darling!"

"But I don't really know what your name is."

And then we walked away, and I told him all about it. He was very much amused; but his name is hard to remember; it is Cothwoth, and I don't wonder I could not catch it at once. I think papa and mama were rather horrified when they first heard of my engagement, but the unexceptionable position of Mr. Cothwoth satisfied them, and now you understand that I am going to marry my Walter, who was so long the man without a name.

A New York reporter, who is well posted in affairs of the faro bank, makes the following record of the various operations:

"A well known newspaper publisher and politician has lost over a quarter of a million of dollars. A paymaster in the army was a defaulter for \$42,000, lost in the same way. A well known citizen of Jersey City, doing a large manufacturing business, was completely ruined within a short time at the faro table. A young man, keeping books in Williamsburg, became a defaulter of \$12,000. He was the only support of an aged mother, and was obliged to flee his home. A man, for over twenty years in the employ of an express company, and having the unbounded confidence of his employers, took to gambling, and, in an evil moment, to get money to play with, robbed his employers, was detected, and sent to the State Prison for a term of years. A young man came into possession, on the 12th day of May last, of \$56,600, and to-day he has not a dollar, having lost it all at the gambling table."

When, once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.

Not Agreed.

A scholar of Dr. Bushby's went into a parlor where the doctor had lain down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, took it up, and said, aloud:

"I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it." The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was said, and going into the school, ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes, to be taken up, or, as it is called, "horsed" on another boy's back, but before he proceeded to usual discipline, he said, as the delinquent had done:

"I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's back; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it."

"I forbid the banns!" cried the boy.

"Why so?" said the doctor.

"Because the parties are not agreed!" replied the boy.

Which answer so pleased the doctor—who was glad to find any readiness of wit among his scholars—that he ordered the boy to be set down.

POISONOUS COLOR IN LADIES' DRESSES.—"It may be interesting to some of our readers" (says Land and Water) "to know that the new green, so fashionable for ladies' dresses, is just as dangerous in its nature as the green wall paper about which so much was written, some time since. It is prepared with a large quantity of arsenic; and we have been assured by several of the leading dress-makers that the work-women employed in making dresses of this color are seriously affected with all the symptoms of arsenical poison."

The Government is considering and will probably adopt an entirely new system of small coinage.—The cent will have a raised star with a hole through it in the center. The two cent pieces will have two perforated stars and the three cent coins three. Thus, by holding either denomination to the light, or by simply touching it so as to feel the holes, the value of the piece of money will be unmistakably known. The half-dimes and dimes are a larger coin of a better metal, and are to be distinguished by one and two perforated stars.

A timid gentleman some days ago met a bluff, burley doctor, more noted for the force than the polish of his language, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?"

"The cholera! Have you got the cholera?"

"No."

"Well, take the cholera first!"

The gentleman, not having taken the first prescription, has not inquired for the second.

A gay lady, at Clyde, Ohio, purchased a "fizzle dress" or "tow-head," one day last week. Going to bed, she hung her head gear on the post at the foot of her bed.—Being awakened by some unusual noise during the night, she raised herself up in bed, and seeing the unusual sight, she imagined a curly-headed negro was peering over the foot-board. Obeying a very natural impulse, she sprang from her bed, and in her alarm and inability to escape, she seized the supposed intruder by the head, and with a terrific scream fell fainting to the floor. The noise awoke the mother of the lady, who immediately struck a light, and rushed to the scene of alarm. There lay the daughter, pale and motionless on the floor, with the imaginary head of Cuffy held at arm's length. In a deadly grasp.—Restoratives and a momentary survey of the scene, soon unraveled the mystery.—But the ludicrousness of the whole affair was too good to be kept.

"Put down that pickle!" The words were uttered harshly and hurriedly by the sergeant to an ungracious private who, married away by his hungry passions, has snatched a pickle from the barrel. "And why should I put down the pickle?" queries the private mildly. "Put down that pickle—that's all I want of you," retorted the sergeant determinedly. "Down it goes, then," cried he, and stuffing it into his mouth, quickly disappeared.

A SOTTISH new bonnet is out—a common white handkerchief is passed over the top of the head and tied under the throat; with a wreath of roses in the shape of a horsehoe on top.

Lick township, Jackson county, went a Democratic—a Democratic gain since last election of 78.